

Elegy For Elsabet

The Weakerthans

So the fields are stubble,
Garden's done
Where the scary scarecrow stands
Sees her holding up horizons with her hands.

She's so tired of reading Daddy's lips
That essay on a frown.
Watch her memories of human voices drown.

Let horsey bray
Break between the thunder boom.
Make grasses' swish
Meet the cricket's ring.

Let every sound
Consecrate our whispering
The words that Betta never heard.

The back lanes tie the city down
A mess of dirty string.
Winter dies the same way every spring.
As the sky tries on its uniform
Of turned off t.v. grey,
And the ways we watched her watch us walk away

Let every rain
Clatter down at groaning streets.
Make footsteps tick
Talk to echoed walls.
Let every sound
Consecrate our whispering
The words that Betta never heard.

Let every wind
Howl and creak the creaking doors
To rooms that too much has happened in.
Let every sound
Consecrate our whispering
The words that Betta never heard.